

*To President Winston L. L. D.,
from the Author
Thomas F. Wood.*

JAMES HENDERSON DICKSON, A. M., M. D.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

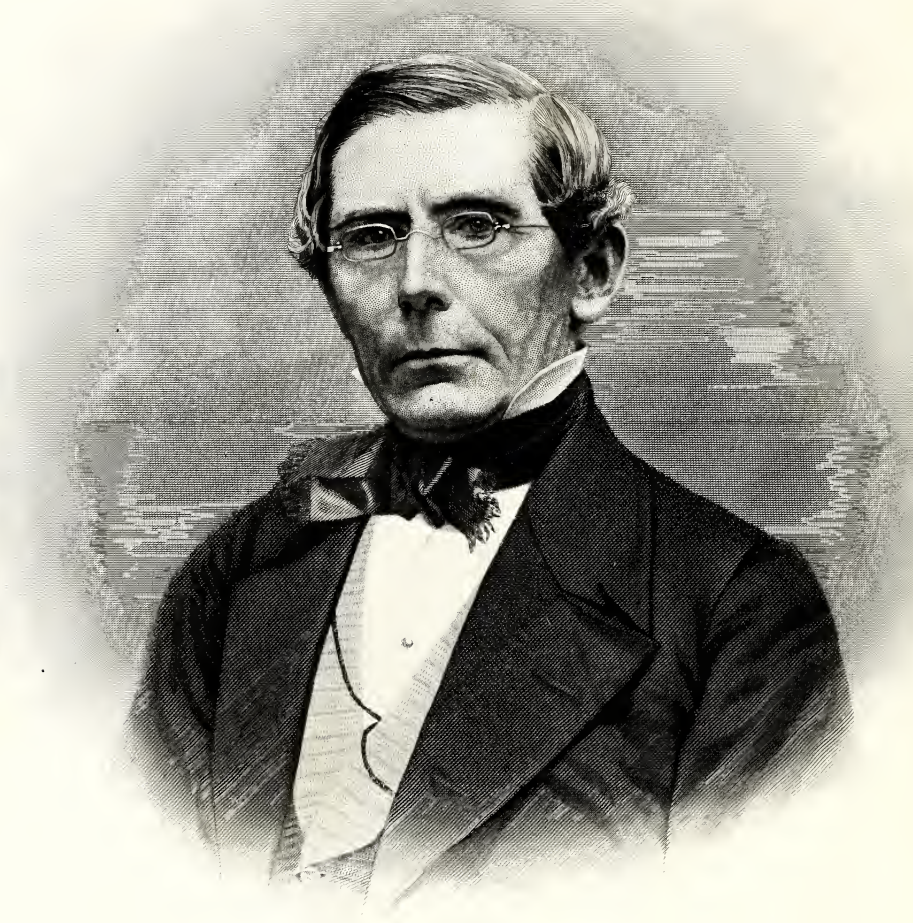
BY

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James H. Lick



BORN DECEMBER 1806; DIED SEPT 28TH 1862.

JAMES HENDERSON DICKSON, A.M., M.D.

[Biographical Sketch with Portrait.]

The month of September, 1862, was one of great calamity to Wilmington. The alarming forebodings of the visitation of yellow fever in a pestilential form had ripened into a certainty. Depleted of her young and active men, there was only a military garrison in occupation, and when the presence of fever was announced the soldiers were removed to a safer locality. The country people taking a panic at the news of the presence of the fever no longer sent in their supplies. The town was deserted, its silence only broken by the occasional pedestrian bound on errands of mercy to the sick, or the rumbling of the rude funeral cart. The blockade was being maintained with increased rigor. The only newspaper then published was the *Daily Journal*, under the editorship of James Fulton, and its issues were maintained under the greatest difficulties, owing to scarcity of paper and sickness among the printers. All eyes were turned anxiously toward the physicians and those in authority for help. To all of the resident physicians the disease was a new one, not one in the number had ever seen a case of yellow fever, and among them were men of large experience. The municipal authorities recognized their helplessness; the town was neglected, for it had been overcrowded with soldiers and visitors since the early days of the spring of 1861. The black pall of smoke from the burning tar-barrels added solemnity to the deadly silence of the streets; designed to purify the air and mitigate the pestilence, they seemed more like fuliginous clouds of ominous portent, designed as a sombre emblem of mourning. Panic, distress, mute despair, want, had fallen upon a population then strained to its utmost with the bleeding columns of its regiments dyeing the hills of Maryland with their blood, until the whole air was filled with the wail of the widow and orphan, and the dead could no longer be honored with the last tribute of respect.

The Wilmington *Daily Journal* of September 29th, 1862, gave all its available editorial space to chronicle for the first time the character of the epidemic, and in a few brief words to notice the death of some of the more prominent citizens. One paragraph in the simple editorial notice ran as follows: "Dr. James H. Dickson,

a physician of the highest character and standing died here on Sunday morning of yellow fever. Dr. Dickson's death is a great loss to the profession and to the community." Close by, in another column, from the pen of the acting Adjutant Lt. VanBokkelen, of the 3d N. C. Infantry, numbering so many gallant souls of the young men of Wilmington, was the list of the killed and wounded from the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

Distressed and bereaved by this new weight of sorrow, Wilmington sat in the mournful habiliments of widowhood, striving amidst the immensity of the struggle, to make her courageous voice heard above all the din of war to nerve the brave hearts who stood as a girdle of steel before beleaguered Richmond.

James Fulton, the well-known editor of the *Journal*, the wary politician and the cautious editor, striving on the one hand to keep the worst from the world lest the enemy might use it to our disadvantage, often ruthlessly suppressed from his limited space such matters as in these days of historical research might be of the greatest service. There were two predominant topics which eclipsed all the impending sorrow and distress—foreign intervention, to bring about a peace on honorable terms, and warnings to the State government of the inadequacy of the defense of Wilmington harbor against the enemy. The former topic was discussed with unvarying pleasure. The horizon of the future was aglow with the rosy dreams of mandates from the English and French governments which would bring independence to the Confederacy and peace and quietness to the numerous homes from the sea to the mountains, where sorrow and death had hung like a pall. It is not strange, therefore, that the few publications that had survived the scarcity of printing material, should have contained so little of biographical matter. Comrades dropped on the right and the left, but the lines were closed up, the hurried tear wiped away, and the line pushed steadily forward. The distinguished physician, or general, or jurist, as well as the humble private, got his passing notice in the meagre letters which a chance correspondent sent to one of the few newspapers, and in a short time he was forgotten in the fresh calamity of the day.

We come to our task, therefore, of sketching the biography of Dr. Dickson, with a sense of the meagerness of the materials which are needed to do justice to his memory, but with deep respect and

veneration for him who, as citizen, scholar, physician and patriot, has left his lasting impress upon his native town.

James Henderson Dickson was the son of James Dickson, a commission merchant of Wilmington. He was born in Wilmington December, 1806. At the very early age of 12 or 13 he was entered at the University as a student, graduating with distinction in the class of 1823, when he was only 16 or 17 years of age.

Having made choice of the medical profession, he became a student in the office of Dr. Armand J. deRosset, the senior doctor of that name, and the oldest physician in Wilmington. The office education of a student of that day was not only that of reading through the course, but of learning by laborious practice the art of pharmacy, which included all the manipulations from pulverizing the crude drug to the completion of the galenical compounds.

He attended lectures at the Medical Department of Columbia College, New York, now the College of Physicians and Surgeons, graduating before he reached his majority, in 1827.

He began the practice of medicine at South Washington, but removed to Fayetteville sometime in 1827, where he practiced until 1837. During his residence in Fayetteville he cultivated a decided talent for surgery, particularly aspiring to those operations in which there had been but few exploits before his day, except by the more distinguished teachers. Among them may be mentioned an operation of direct transfusion (in 1833) from the arm of one sister to another, thereby saving her life.* The other operation was more notable, being one of the earliest of the orthopedic operations, before there was ever a science of orthopedy, it was a tenotomy for

*At the early date of 1833 there are but few successful cases of transfusion of blood. One by Bickersteth; one by G. G. Bird, *Midland Medical and Surgical Reporter*, Worcester, 1830; one by J. Blundell, *London Lancet*, 1829; one by W. Bingham, *Edinburg Medical and Surgical Journal*, 1827; one by D. Fox, *London Medical and Physiological Journal*, 1827; one by J. Fraser, *Lancet*, 1835; one by J. Howell, *London Lancet*, 1828; one by Waller, *London Medical and Physiological Journal*, 1825; and one in 1826. Seven cases are all that could be gathered from "Index Catalogue Library Surgeon General's Office," and from "Neale's Digest."

a club-foot, in the person of his own brother, Dr. Robt. D. Dickson. This operation was done in 1835.*

From Fayetteville he removed to New York City, where for four years he practiced, returning to his native home in 1841 at the solicitation of his father, whose health was then declining. Shortly after his return to Wilmington he entered into the practice of medicine with Dr. Louis J. Poisson; the latter gentleman dying in 1842, a large practice at once devolved upon him, increasing steadily to the end of his career.

In 1845 he married Miss Margaret Owen, the daughter of General James Owen, the first President of the Wilmington & Raleigh Railroad and a member of Congress from the Cape Fear District in 1817.

Those few friends who knew Dr. Dickson intimately always regretted that his life-work had not been the professor's chair, rather than the routine of general practice. The whole caste of his intellect was that of the profound student, and it was very remarkable to note with what facility he would go from the drudgery of pharmacy to the realms of science and literature. In those days few general practitioners were so well off that they did not have to stand by the hour at the pill tile after a hard day's practice, making up medicines for the messengers they found

*The operation of subcutaneous tenotomy of the tendo-achillis for club-foot has been believed to have been done by Dr. Dickson for the first time in the United States. The friends of Dr. Detmold have claimed for him the priority, based upon his reports in *American Journal Medical Sciences*, 1838; but investigation shows that Dr. Nathan R. Smith, of Baltimore, reported a case of "division of the tendo achillis for the cure of club-foot, *American Journal Medical Sciences*, 1830. The latter operation even antedates Stromeyers' operations in 1830-1831. He introduced the surgery of club-foot; but his earliest work was in 1838. According to the rules, priority of operation would not be bestowed on Dr. Dickson, as none of his cases were reported. The gentleman upon whom Dr. D. operated in 1835 is now living, himself a physician and the brother of the operator. After all, priority is not so much a ground for professional distinction as the establishment of a principle. The operator whose teaching and practice inculcates new methods that stand the test of experience, whether he be originator or imitator, is truly entitled to the honors. To Delpech we owe the first surgical idea of the treatment of club-foot, and this dates back to 1823, eight years before Stromeyers' publication.

waiting for their return from their rounds. The druggist had not then become the scientific helper of the people and the doctor, and hours of laborious work were spent in pharmaceutical manipulations, that the present generation of physicians know nothing about. The writer has seen him many times stand in his office, book in hand, snatching a half hour with a favorite author in the lull of his busy rounds. Studiousness and the habit of concentrated thought were such marked characteristics that he passed with the general public, and even with some of his patients, as a man of coldness and austerity, and while it was true that he was a man of too severe dignity and too seriously engaged with the affairs of his profession to find time for trifles, he was approachable, responsive to the demands of friendship, tender towards the afflicted, helpful to struggling young men, and susceptible to the blandishments of the gay and mirthful in season.

His back office was headquarters for old friends who sought his advice and opinions upon all subjects, from the management of estates to the burning of a brickkiln; he was the encyclopedic referee of this coterie. The business system then in vogue of attending families by the year for a given sum placed the physician of that date more in the attitude of general medical and sanitary adviser than now. Those families having large numbers of slaves at work in saw mills, rice-fields, brick-yards, turpentine orchards and elsewhere, had frequently difficult problems before them, and it was not only about the maintenance of health that they were concerned, but upon every topic of domestic and manufacturing economy did they come with their difficulties to be solved.

To illustrate his accessibility a friend related the following incident: "I had been elected cashier of a bank recently organized, but knew not where to go to secure bondsmen. I was a poor young man, having no property adequate to satisfy the demand of such a large bond, and I almost despaired of securing the situation. One night happening in the office of Dr. Dickson, he noted my troubled look and remarked upon it. I told him my story, and he replied: "Well, William, if my name is acceptable to your board of directors, you need not feel embarrassed for another day."

CHAPEL HILL ADDRESS.

Notwithstanding Dr. Dickson's studious habits, it was known to very few that his studies took as broad a range as they did in

general science and literature, until in 1853 he was invited by the Alumni Association of the University of North Carolina to deliver an address before that body.

His classmates found that Dr. Dickson had made good use of the time which had elapsed since his graduation, and that he had returned to his *Alma Mater* the ripe scholar as well as the distinguished physician. His address from beginning to end indicated the atmosphere of broad scientific study from which he caught his inspiration. His busy mind had intelligently grasped the progress science was making, and he revelled in the glories of the achievements, not only of those sciences collateral to medicine, and which the educated physician of broad reading would be expected to master as an accomplishment, but mathematics, astronomy, geology, physics, were all passed in review. Nor was this all—profoundly imbued with the national spirit, he turned with pride to the American historians, scholars, scientists and artists with a familiarity which showed the bent of his tastes, and how thoroughly he was abreast of all the progressive work in all departments.

He gave in this address the key-note of his own career. In deprecating the utilitarian standard of professional accomplishments he says: “* * * But we object to an exclusive devotion to such pursuits as having a tendency to narrow and contract the mind. Nor does it generally lead to the attainment of the highest professional reputation. Marshall and Story were not mere lawyers, but men of enlarged and profound scholarship. Mere professional attainments would probably never have elevated Jeffrey or Brougham to the peerage; Armstrong and Darwin* are hardly known except as poets, and the literary fame of Burke and Clarendon completely eclipses their professional reputation. A low degree of knowledge and an imperfect discipline of the mind is the necessary result, where the standard of present utility is set up, as the measure of its value.

“It is indeed an ignoble principle of action—a mode of thinking which casts a deadly blight upon morals, literature and art, and extinguishes all high aspirations after the beautiful and ideal, either

*Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the author of “*Zoonomia*” and “*The Botanic Garden*.”

in life or literature. We are told by the poet, and with truth, that

“Man loves knowledge, and the light of truth
More welcome strikes his understanding’s eye
Than all the blandishments of sound, his ear,
Than all of taste, his tongue.”

The general public had now learned, what his few intimate friends already knew, that the revered physician was ripening in the higher culture of the philosopher, the literateur, and the man of science.

WILMINGTON LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

In 1860 Dr. Dickson and his intimate friend, the Hon. George Davis, conceived the design of founding a public library. Starting out one day with the warm impulse of establishing for their native town the social and literary advantages of a library of choice literature, they secured as the work of one day’s solicitation eighteen hundred dollars with which to purchase books. These gentlemen with rare judgment prepared a list of volumes, not only representing the standard authors of the day, but the best editions in superior library binding, which Dr. Dickson selected during a special visit to New York City. This collection, although plundered by the army of occupation, reflects now their literary tastes and judgment, and forms the basis of the Wilmington Library Association. Before his death he, with his associates, had found a home for their collection in the City Hall building, in the room now used as the Mayor’s office, but the outbreak of the war interrupted literary pursuits, and the cherished objects of the Library were not fulfilled. He was chosen the first President of the Wilmington Library Association in 1860.

His address before the general public was on the subject then near to his heart, and was entitled, *SOME REMARKS UPON BOOKS AND LIBRARIES*. He followed Mr. Davis,* whose reputation as a public speaker was State-wide, and none who heard the fervid eloquence of Dr. Dickson when he apostrophized the book of all books—the Holy Scriptures—will ever forget the murmur of applause which seized the surprised audience that, for the first time, discovered he was more than a skilled physician, the sympathizing succorer of the distressed—he was a literary man of the

*Mr. Davis had delivered a lecture as a part of this course on “The Good Old Times ; When Were They ?”

highest culture, and a speaker of distinguished merits. Even to this day, the impress of that famous address is remembered and recognized as the inauguration of a literary movement in the community. The address was not published, and it is not known if the manuscript copy exists. His office was plundered by the army of occupation and his papers strown into the streets by the Federal soldiers or camp-followers. His own library, to which in 1858 and subsequently he had made such large additions, had been sent to Laurinburg for safety, was captured at that place, and the last known of it it was on board a Federal gun-boat being carried down the river.

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE STATE.

When the call for the Convention for the organization of a State Medical Society was made in 1849, Dr Dickson, although he was not of the number, was known to have been in hearty accord with the movement, but he was tied down by the burdens of an exacting practice. He became a member of the Medical Society of North Carolina in May, 1852, and in 1854 he was made its President. The weight of his influence was given in the forming of a State Board of Medical Examiners, and when this dream of its sanguine promoters was realized in 1859, he was chosen to be the first President of that new body. His associates were Otis F. Mansoo, J. G. Tull, C. Happoldt, W. H. McKee, Charles E. Johnson and Caleb Winslow, all men of excellent attainments—a worthy Board, to which was entrusted the first experiment in Medical State Examinations in the United States.

Dr. Dickson delivered the annual address before the Medical Society at its meeting in Fayetteville in May, 1853. His subject was "RESPIRATION" in its relation to Animal Heat, Heart's Action and Nerve Force. His review of the theories was a masterly exposition of what was then held, by the best teachers, beginning with the theory of Mayo, (*1674, *Medico-Chirurg Review*), that "the effect of respiration was to generate heat, and not to cool the blood heated by its rapid circulation throughout the body, * * * and that it does this by a process analogous to combustion." In turn he discussed the theory of Lavoisier, that heat was caused by the combustion of carbon in the lungs, pointing out the objection

*Original Essay Tractatus de Respiratione, 1668.

held to that theory. He took up the experiments of Dulong, who set forth that there was much more oxygen absorbed by the respiratory process than was necessary to convert the carbon i to carbonic acid—sometimes amounting to fully one-third more. Dulong's conjecture that inspired oxygen was expended in the combustion of hydrogen, thus accounting for watery vapor exhaled. Liebig's view that the carbon and hydrogen of the food, in being converted by oxygen into heat as if they were burned in the open air—the only difference is that the heat is spread over unequal spaces of time, but the actual amount is always the same in the torrid as in the frigid zone. Against this theory the essayist weighed the opinion of Graves, holding in the main to the theory of Liebig. Claude Bernard's account of the glycogenic functions of the liver, showing that the liver had the important function of preparing respiratory pabulum.

After reviewing the various theories he goes on to say that he is "inclined to regard the opinion of the older physiologists, which ascribed a refrigerating effect to the respiratory process, to some extent, as well founded." He did not believe that the primary or more essential function of the lungs was to sustain animal heat. "If, then, neither the maintenance of the animal temperature nor the excretion of carbonic acid be regarded as the essential function of respiration, where shall we seek an explanation of it?" His inference was that the preservation of the motion of the heart, including withal that of the muscular system and the maintenance of nerve force, were the essential and primary object of respiration, although he by no means underrated the calorific function of respiration. Forty years ago and now, physiology was a very different thing, but the philosophical spirit of the older teachers compensated largely for their deficiency of our modern facts.

The lengthiest medical contribution which Dr. Dickson gave to the public was a "Report of the Medical Topography and Epidemics of North Carolina," made to the Transactions of the American Medical Association in 1860. The basis of this paper is in part the collection of observations from physicians in several sections of the State, together with his own observations, upon the geographical distribution of disease in the various sections, with a somewhat detailed account of them. This report remains to this day the fullest description of our endemic and epidemic diseases, and was

a fair index of the capabilities of the writer in description and editing the material of others. The older members of the Medical Society of North Carolina will be familiar with this production, doubtless, but, in the light of our knowledge of the changes wrought in the characters of all diseases by the two visitations of epidemic influenza in 1889-1890, they may be impressed with the necessity of a wider range of the study of epidemiology.

The description given to this paper of "*Febris Remittens Convulsiva*," puts on record for the first time a description of a disease that was very fatal until its true nature was discerned. Dr. Dickson says: "In this class of cases the first, and sometimes the second, paroxysms of fever may be unattended with the appearance of alarming symptoms, but the third paroxysm is apt to be ushered in with a convulsion which seems to replace the cold stage of the same disease in adults, and which is always so alarming and dangerous an occurrence as to make it prudent to cut short the disease once by bringing the system very rapidly under the potent influence of the febrifuge." He modestly accords the originality of this suggestion to Dr. Henry F. Campbell, of Augusta.

Typhoid fever was a stranger to the Eastern part of North Carolina until in the fifties, as Dr. Dickson intimates, and "When it first began to prevail in the Eastern section of this State, cases exhibiting the blending or commingling of this type of fever with remittent fever were by no means uncommon, and in these cases it was necessary to keep in view its hybrid character in the treatment; such cases could not well be treated without quinine." Here we have an anticipation of Dr. Woodward's theory, for which at the International Medical Congress in 1876 he introduced the name of typho-malarial fever.

In this essay is described for the first time the invasion of cerebro-spinal meningitis, which invaded Davie county in 1856, as reported by Drs. Summerell, Kelly and Sharpe.

At the Salisbury meeting of the Society, May 15, 1855, Dr. Dickson delivered his valedictory address, on the completion of the second term of his presidency.

How nearly his life and death comported with his own model we will let an extract from this address tell:

"In times of public calamity arising from the visitations of

fearful epidemics, who but a physician is looked up to, in aid of the public authority, to suggest the means of escaping from, or of lessening, their destructive progress? What other class of citizens is there which can inspire the panic-stricken with confidence or the despairing with hope? And may I not add, what other class have exhibited more abnegation of self or heroic devotedness to the great cause of humanity in its trying hours? If proof were needed, I might point to a long list of professional martyrs, who have exhibited the calmest courage amidst scenes which have paled the cheek of the soldier, and have not flinched from the discharge of duty at the risk of life. We must remark, too, that they were not influenced by the ordinary motives which influence the soldier in the exhibition of noble daring in the field of battle. There are no applauding thousands to witness their deeds of heroic daring—to shout in their ears the grateful sound of many-voiced applause—they are not surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of glorious war—no laurel decorates their brow—no monument is reared to perpetuate their fame. After spending their lives in the daily performance of deeds which might well put the philanthropy of a Howard to the blush, they descend to the tomb unheralded by the world's applause. The world has other matters to attend to, other schemes to plan and accomplish, and the memory of its humble, unpretending benefactors passes away with the passing hour. This is no fancy picture, gentlemen. Its literal counterpart was enacted in the year that has past, on our very borders, in the cities of Savannah, Charleston and Augusta, and must be fresh in the recollection of us all. If the world chooses to ignore such devotion to the great cause of humanity, let us the more fervently cherish the recollection of their virtues, and firmly resolve to imitate their noble example by a like devotion to duty, should circumstances unfortunately devolve upon us the task."

In politics Dr. Dickson was a staunch Whig of the old school, and when the political agitations which led up to the war were stirring the people with the strongest indignation against the attitude of the North, he counselled prudence and moderation. That he was one of a very small minority favoring the settlement of the troubles in a friendly way, made him none the less resolute for the Union.

Looking over the files of the *Wilmington Daily Journal* of 1861,

our eye lit upon the announcement of a Union meeting to be held January 11th. The meeting was addressed by F. D. Poisson, J. G. Burr, George Davis and James H. Dickson. The account reads: "Resolutions were passed in favor of the settlement of the existing difficulties in the Union, and endorsing as a basis for such settlement the propositions brought forth by Senator Crittenden. In this meeting Dr. Dickson followed Mr. George Davis, "deprecating secession as a disunion of the South, and as inadequate to remedy the evils complained of by the South. If the North would not listen to the united demands of the South, then the fifteen Southern States would be justified in snapping the bonds that bind us to the North. The meeting adjourned with three cheers for the Star Spangled Banner." He lived to see his efforts for his country for reconciliation fail, and no Southern man aligned himself with the destiny of the Confederacy with more earnest courage. Hopeful of success he was not, but, like most of the staunchest who were for the Union as long as there was any prospect for its restoration, he unflinchingly cast all of his fortunes with his people.

So great were the demands of his large practice, for him to accept a position in the army was not to be thought of. He remained faithfully at his post, ministering to the sick at home. On the 6th May, of 1861, he presided over the meeting of the Board of Medical Examiners at Morganton, the last meeting held until the war ended.

It is not worth while, at this late day, to discuss the cause of the yellow fever in Wilmington in 1862. For half a century there had been no such visitation, and there was no physician then in practice who had seen a case of the disease. It was evident in August of that year that there was an unusual number of cases of fatal fever. Dr. Dickson made a report to John Dawson, Mayor, declaring the presence of yellow fever on September 17th (the letter in the *Daily Journal* is undated). His report went on to say that there had been no new cases since the 10th of September, and he hoped that this lull in the fever was due to the sanitary measures that had been adopted by the town.

On the 23d September Dr. Dickson went home with a chill which he recognized as the first stage of yellow fever. He was faithfully attended by Mrs. Dickson during his entire sickness and she fell a victim to the disease, but finally recovered. He was under the

constant care of the physicians then in town, and especially by the senior Dr. McRee, who attended him day and night until, on Sunday morning, the 28th, his spirit returned to God who gave it.

The following appeared in the *North Carolina Presbyterian* of the issue succeeding the announcement in the *Wilmington Daily Journal*:

"In our last number we published a short list of prominent citizens who died of yellow fever in Wilmington; and, amongst others, was observed the name of Dr. James H. Dickson, a citizen of high standing and an eminent physician. But, more than this, he was a man of exalted piety. For some years he had been an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and was most faithful and zealous in the discharge of his duties. On the appearance of yellow fever in Wilmington he determined to stand bravely at his post, and was engaged in the noble work of alleviating the sufferings of his fellow-man when he, too, was stricken down by the fearful epidemic. But death had no terrors for this good man. He died, as he had lived, a shining example of true piety and religious devotion. We fully concur in the remark made to us by a friend on hearing of his death: 'No man was better prepared to die than Dr. Dickson.'"

Only a week elapsed between his official announcement of the fever to the Mayor and his own seizure, and in five days after he was dead. By the advice of the physicians all persons left town that had not already been scattered in a panic previously, and the death of Dr. Dickson spread sadness and dismay over the town and the country around. Many anxious families had centred their hopes on his professional wisdom and skill; most of them, too poor to leave town except by the impulsion of the direct necessity, had their hopes now crushed by his death.

At this distance from the sad calamity of his death, it is even now difficult to estimate his true worth. His portrait, which accompanies this sketch, denotes the serious demeanor, the reflective mind, the intellectual cast. He was taciturn at times, but it was rather the wisdom of knowing when to speak, than the lack of opinions and thoughts. Apparently austere at times, it was only the inflexibility of steel when truth was at stake. In the sick room he had not the loquacity which pleases the valetudinarian, but in time of peril, quickness of discernment, accuracy of knowledge, fertility of resource, and withal gentleness of touch. His visits were short,

his words were few, his sympathy, though unexpressed, was great. Many have been the expressions of surprise and delight from the people in moderate circumstances, who, asking their accounts from him, found that the arduous services rendered had been estimated according to the purse of the recipient.

The fame which survives the medical man is largely estimated by his literary contributions. This is a method which would be unjust to the memory of Dr. Dickson. Although living the life of the student, and having no superior and few equals in scholarship in the profession, so great were the burdens of his practice, that there was little time for authorship. The glimpses we have, though, of his ability as a writer, show the quality of his trained mind and the graceful flow of his sentences. His vocabulary was rich, his research extensive, and before his death he easily held the highest position for literary culture among his professional contemporaries.

By his people—his family—his patients—his memory is not revered for scholarship, but for his skill as a physician and his consecrated Christian character. The mournful recollection that he unflinchingly perilled his life for them, is a heritage far richer than the applause of enraptured multitudes. His was the exemplification of a Christian courage which has nerved many another heart to go to the silent duty to meet “the pestilence that walketh in darkness,” counting life not too dear to peril it all for the sick and helpless.

His own words are best fitted to close this memorial. They are but the prophetic forecast of that to which he attained :

“But in striving after the attainment of a high order of scholarship and the acquisition of human learning, let us not forget that man has a moral, as well as an intellectual, nature—that human learning, scientific knowledge, as we call it, is but the outward garment, the artificial investiture of truth—that our emotional feelings and affections have a higher dignity, a holier sanctity, than our intellectual powers. Let us not neglect the teaching of that *prima philosophia*, that supreme wisdom, which not only sheds its bright light on the pathway of life, but spans with its iridescent radiance the dark clouds which overhang the tomb—penetrates the otherwise impenetrable and obscure, and intermingles its cheering beams with the glorious effulgence of eternal day—that wisdom which

“Makes us brave
In the great faith of life beyond the grave.”

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